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The tale of Edward and Eliza shews great goodness of heart, tho' it has not much interest. It is liable to the faults we have adverted to as to language.

"I could not help *to love him dear,*"

is one instance among others. The whole resembles Goldsmith's Edwin and Angelina.

Corun and Lora, has some very pretty stanzas, and the story of it is similar to that of "*La folle par amour*" a beautiful little French dramatic piece. It is on that subject which is always affecting and melancholy; where the understanding is lost, from the effects of disappointed love, who can refuse sympathy, that has known what it is to feel? but if it is a young and beautiful girl, who is represented labouring under such insanity, what heart can avoid the throb of anguish at her situation; what eye can retain the tear of joy at her recovery?

The following lines we would wish to have been corrected before going to the press:

"When our souls to each other we swore,
Is a sovereign *remead* for the mind."

On the whole, tho' the Author has not, at the critical moment of restoration to understanding, in our opinion, made the passage as affecting as he might have done, yet his tale is pretty, and the selection of the subject shews sensibility, and discernment.

The elegy written on the Inver, near Larne Church-yard, is an imitation, and not a happy one, of Gray's unrivalled elegy.

The songs on the seasons, particularly Spring, are pleasing, and manifest observation of nature, the true volume for the poet's study. The song called the Exile's return is in some parts very poetical.

The use of the words *pathos* and *pathetic* thro' the poems is not agreeable at least to our ear, and we think *passion* or *plaintive* would have answered generally better. *Nationality* is a word also, which we object to as a vague term. We conclude this critique by assuring the author, that we sincerely wish for his welfare, & that we reckon on his future improvement. He has dared to meet the public eye: there was courage in the attempt. As an Irishman publishing in his own province, he deserves consideration for his youth and retired situation, and encouragement for the proofs of genius he has given. But it is due to our country and ourselves, to shew that we can praise without blindness, and discern faults, which might otherwise be supposed to receive general approbation or acquiescence. The true object for the poet or the critic, is to instruct, amuse or delight: utility is never to be lost sight of.

The improvement of the taste and mind is naturally advanced by good poetry; the former may be spoiled or blunted by the perusal of the inferior and vulgar kind, the latter receives no addition to its stores by it. Poetry is therefore a public property, which ought not to pass unobserved.

We rejoice to see the efforts of our country-man; and we look to future similar attempts with pleasure.

Poetry exalts the mind, it carries it back to remote times, makes it disdain mercenary ideas, and leads to the expression of pure morality, and exalted and vigorous patriotism. We shall take our leave of our author by referring him to the beautiful part of the Eneid, where the poet sings to his harp the most sublime subjects. We recommend to him the example, and we trust he may merit and obtain similar applause.

.....Citharâ crinitus Iopas,
Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam, Solisque labores,
Unde hominum genus, et pecudes: unde imber, et ignes:
Arcturum, pluviasque Hyadas, geminosque Triones:
Quid tantum Oceano properant se tingere soles
Hyberni, vel quæ tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Ingeminant plausum Tyrii, Troësque sequuntur.

Le Comte de Corke Surnommé le Grand, ou Seduction sans Artifice; suivi de cinq Nouvelles. Par Madame de Genlis; 12mo. 2vols. p. p. 468. Colburn, London, 1808.

(Concluded from P. 59, No. VI.)

DURING his residence with Sir C. Manwood, Richard finds some opportunities of doing good offices to Lady Ranelagh and her friend; but

also discovers a rival in his employer, who in the full confidence of his own superiority, never suspected that his low-born secretary could have excited a flame in the heart to which he himself made pretensions. At this time the Earl of Essex having returned to Ireland, pays a visit to Sir Charles's villa, he recognizes Richard, and repeats those flattering expressions which had first roused his infant ambition, and which now tended to confirm the increasing partiality of his mistress. Several circumstances of a trivial nature, which more fully develope the contrary characters of the man of fortune and the child of fortune now occur, by means of which he rivets himself more firmly in the esteem of the man he admired, and the affections of the woman he loved. Essex retires, and is shortly after arrested by order of the queen. Sir Charles, whose eyes had been opened by Lady Ranelagh's rejection of his proposals, for nothing is more quick-sighted than jealousy, had already conceived a rooted hatred to Richard, in consequence of which this young man quitted his family, and retired again to his original obscure retreat. But he was not allowed long to remain here. His rival was too accomplished a courtier not to crush an enemy when in his power. The intimacy between Richard and the Earl of Essex was now alledged as a crime against the former. In consequence an order arrived for his arrest. His destiny now seemed to be decided. He determines to surrender without even giving an intimation of his purpose to Lady Ranelagh; from an idea, that he will either suffer death or banishment among a number of others involved in the same accusation, equally obscure as himself, and thus spare his mistress, of whose affection he feels himself secure, the pain of hearing of his sufferings until they are terminated. But what can escape the penetrating eye of love! Lady Ranelagh hears of the circumstance, and being sensible that his misfortunes are caused by the persecution of Sir C. Manwood, which originated in her refusal of his addresses, she offers to unite her fortunes and interests with his. He still resists the temptation; the same principle still actuates him; he will merit before he accepts the prize, and goes to England, there to await the developement of his fate. Lady Ranelagh on hearing of his departure follows him to London, determined to make every sacrifice to a man who has proved himself so worthy of her esteem.

Shortly after his arrival he is brought before the Queen to be examined, and contrary to the expectation of his vindictive enemy is confronted with him. Here he enters into a detail of his conduct so clear and convincing that all opposition is silenced; he is not only acquitted but raised to a degree of favour, to which the highest flight of his ambitious fancy could scarcely have dared to aspire. To complete his felicity, he soon after received the hand of the woman, whose affections he had so nobly conquered.

Such is the outline of this interesting little tale; in which a few facts are so artfully wound up with a number of fictitious circumstances as to excite at times a momentary appearance of reality. We do not pretend to say that it is without its faults; among these the predominant are a tediousness in the conversations, a refinement of sentiment beyond nature and truth, and an attention to trivial circumstances. But on the grand points of morals and mental improvement which we think most necessary to be attended to in works of this nature, it is blameless. We cannot however conclude without some animadversion on the title, which seems to have been prefixed as a lure to purchasers, and savours too much of the style of those modern novels, as "the Natural Son," "Innocent Adultery," and others, whose very name excites an expectation in a certain class of readers that something is contained within suited to gratify the appetite of a fervent depraved imagination. Here is neither seduction nor artifice. The Earl of Corke is conscious he is beloved, and acts with open undisguised sincerity on that conviction. He uses no artifice, he employs no seduction: Lady Ranelagh is in love with his merits before she attaches herself to the man. It is a title, which, while it attracts the attention of those who would throw aside the volume, were they preinformed of its contents, excludes it from the view of those who could appreciate its worth, and profit by the maxims it contains.

The story, an outline of which we have now given, occupies but a part of the two volumes; the remainder is filled by five of what are here styled novels, but should be properly called moral tales. The first is the relation of a most singular penance inflicted by a husband on a wife guilty of infidelity. The idea is novel, and all the circumstances are singular and interesting. The second, styled the Lovers without Love, is of a very different cast from the rest; it contains more of modern French manners and intrigue. Indeed it scarcely deserves the name of moral tale, as the only deduction to be drawn from it is, that unhappiness is the consequence of marriages arising from love, while those who marry from what are generally called prudential motives, obtain that felicity which the other vainly flattered themselves with. Its name is also faulty: Lovers without Love is a contradiction in terms, unbecoming a writer of sense or taste. The third and fourth are fairy tales; the moral is good, but this manner of deducing a moral we have always thought exceptionable. The interference of supernatural beings serves only to bewilder the imagination; they have no prototype in nature; the mind, when interested, is raised into an ideal creation, whence it descends unwillingly into the common haunts of life; and the conclusions drawn from such agents are generally supposed to partake of the impossibility of the source from whence they spring.

But the disappointment accruing from the perusal of these is well repaid by the perusal of that which concludes the volume. It is a tale founded on nature, and calculated to excite the tenderest, finest feelings of the soul. It is the story of two sisters, twins, whom the impartial fondness of a mother has educated with such scrupulous impartiality that the similarity of features bestowed by nature, was rendered still more striking by a corresponding similarity of character impressed by habit. The little incidents tending to illustrate this coincidence of manners are introduced with great delicacy and judgment; they are the production of a person who has felt and studiously discriminated the various distinguishing shades of the female character, in its highest state of purity and refinement. The sisters are described as living with that union of sentiment which is so seldom to be found, even between those whom mutual choice has bound in the most solemn tie of mutual affection; they are but one soul inhabiting two bodies, until the arrival of a stranger, who loves one of them, and is equally loved in return, dissipates the pleasing illusion, and for a time dissolves an union formed by nature, and encreasing with encreasing years. The termination is melancholy; yet even such a catastrophe is the parent of a pleasure peculiar in its nature. The moral arising from it is forcible and impressive. Q.

Woman: or Ida of Athens, by Miss Owenson, 4 vols. 12mo. p. p. 979. Longman Hurst and Rees, London, 1809.

SIMONIDES (to a learned lady we may talk of learned men) Simonides (yet it may be necessary for the information of some of our readers who have not dived as deep in classic lore as the writer of the pages now before us, to acquaint them that he was a poet, who has written some verses on the characters of women, more celebrated for wit than politeness) Simonides, who, though a Grecian, does not express that enthusiastic admiration of those animated models of the fairest of God's works, that seems to have taken possession of Miss Owenson's imagination, divides the female species into nine classes, attributing to each a character derived from some animal whose qualities were blended in it when moulded by the Gods. Some, says he, were formed from the cat, some from the monkey, some from the mare, some from the ass, and a few from the Bee. We have during the perusal of the work now before us, amused ourselves with guessing to what description of clean or unclean beasts, he would have referred the class of novel-writers, had such a race of non-descript animals existed in his days. He would not improbably have said that their souls were formed from that of the spider, incessantly spinning an endless worthless